

# Michael Kiske, Crosstown

[M&Amp;Amp;L - Taraxes/M. Kiske]

You pretend that you own the stars  
And all of your days are free  
You believe that you fill the hours  
And you size how far to see!  
Tell me what it means to be!  
Show me what it means to feel!  
I know that you think that you're real!

Sooner some will get the matter!  
Sooner one will tame forever!  
Sooner than you know what you are!  
Sooner one will match your limit!  
Sooner one will soon regret it!  
Sooner than you know who you are!

You believe that you know the cure  
Born with a golden arse!  
This poem has been heard before!  
But some seek the new, god bless!

Give me a word that means!  
Show me a truth that feeds!  
And sell me some more than you see!

Sooner some will get the matter!  
Sooner one will tame forever!  
Sooner than you know what you are!  
Sooner one will match your limit!

Sooner one will soon regret it!  
Sooner than you know who you are!

When you search turn your head to tomorrow!  
While you awake clean your heart tasting sorrow!  
You can go! ....

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Sooner one will match your limit!  
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